

The Waking VISION; or, REALITY in a Fancy.

AS I was walking, reading in a Book,
Of all the Plots that *Rome* had undertook,
Methought I heard a sudden murmuring Rout,
And curious to behold: I fac'd about,
When soon the Croud did to my sight appear,
With a young *Hero* stalking in the Rear.
Their Leader was an Old man, known too well
By that false Trayterous name *Achitophel*:
He fac'd about, and waving round his Wand,
The cringeing Rout stood still upon command.
Lieutenant *Absalom* forsook the Rear,
And strutting forward, did ith' Front appear.
Thus fixt in their Array, the first that broke
The silence, was *Achitophel*; who spoke
With roaring voice, and visage most austere,
When to his Eccho all the Rout gave ear;
All big with expectations, till the bold
Snake-like *Achitophel* his story told.

I need not tell you of the case betwixt ye,
If you remember *Forty eight*, and *Sixty*:
How happy were we in the first of those,
When no man durst our Laws or Wills oppose;
Wills as obliging as the *Persian* Laws,
We fought and prosper'd in the *Good Old Cause*:
None durst oppose our *Faction*, or appear
In vindication of a *Cavalier*.

Then all our Party in one humour stood,
To bleed the Nation, tap the Royal Blood:
Till envious Death at last did basely trip
Old *Nol* up, with his short *Proteſtorſhip*.
Then turn'd the Game, and *Monk* began to sing
In Loyal Tone, Now Boys a *King*, a *King*!
Against our wills he did by force restore
The *King*, to that which was his Right before;
Then all those plaguy Rogues call'd *Cavaliers*,
Began to peep abroad, and shake their Ears;
Each one expecting from the *King* to be
Rewarded for his Truth, and *Loyalty*.

When thus we saw our *Plots* go down the wind,
We chang'd our Note, and spake in other kind;
And made the World believe 'twas only We
Restor'd the *King* to Crown and Dignity:
When if we could but still have been obey'd,
No *Stuart* e're had *Englands* Scepter sway'd.
But since what's done, can't be undone again,
Why stand we idle gazing here in vain?
Let's try our wits, and Plot for to obtain
And play the *Old Game* over once again:
Do as our Fathers did, come play your parts,
And let the people know you're *English* hearts,
That are not given to change. —

Eighty one offers us a mark as fair,
As ever *Forty* did: come — strike — prepare,
Take Oaths of Secresie, and Covenant
To ease the Nation of her groans and want.
Right and *Religion*, *Liberties* and *Laws*,
Will make the Rout quickly espouse our Cause:
Tell 'em, if they don't stir they're quite undone,
Religion's ruin'd, *Liberties* are gone:
Perswade 'em that the *Pope*, and *Popish* Train,
Are just returning to the Land again:
That's a pretence ne're fails, but always takes,
And of a Bad Old Cause, a Good one makes.
Now, now's the time; strike up, for if you miss,
You'll never meet a time so pat as this.
Here's *Popish* *Plots* discover'd and found out,
With *Fears* and *Jealousies* to charm the Rout;
And soon perswade them all their Lives are lost,
That they must burn like Martyrs at a Post,
Unless they get the *Popish* Party quell'd,
That is by *Evil Counsellors* upheld:

Here's *Grievance* upon *Grievance*: these are *Knaves*,
And those would make the Free-born Subjects *Slaves*:
Tell them the *King's* a Tyrant, and Oppressor,
And that we have a damn'd *Popish* Successor:
The *Parliament's* dissolv'd, and we must be
Govern'd by *Arbitrary Tyranny*:
But yet be sure to keep you in the shade,
And do whate're you do in Masquerade.

If any *Senator* against you sit,
Be sure to call him *Papist*, *Jesuit*,
Mac-Tory, *Protestant* in *Masquerade*,
That would your *Liberties* and *Rights* invade:
Now one word more, and I have spoke enough,
Go fall to work, for I have found you stuff.

Which having spoke, the Rout was jogging home,
But soon return'd at voice of *Absalom*;
Who with audacious tone cry'd, Hark, my Friends,
Come side with me, if you'll attain your ends;
Achitophel shall change and take the Rear,
And I my self will in the Front appear,
And good old *David* soon shall know that I
Will be his *Heir*, or else I'll bravely die.
What though my Mother was his Concubine?
The fault was hers, I'm sure, it was not mine:
I am his Son, and from his Loins did spring;
I am of Royal Blood, and will be King:
Do you but help me to obtain the Crown,
I'll rule by Law, and all your Foes put down;
I'll part the *King* and *Council* quite asunder,
And will redress the Grievs you labour under;
If once I can but to the Throne attain,
I'll grant *New Charters*, and the Old maintain.
At which the Rout with hallows fill'd the Skies,
And cry'd, *We'll venture all for Liberties*:
When suddenly the Rout did disappear,
And all the Coast was in an instant clear.

Then I began to think which was the worse,
Fanatick blessing, or a *Popish* curse:
I put them in two Scales to try their weight,
And found the Ballance equiponderate;
But holding them a while, I quickly found
As this was hoisted up, that kiss'd the ground:
Then suddenly I found the meaning out,
This ruins quickly, but that round about.
Then to my mind my thoughts began to sing,
Go haste and what thou'st heard inform the *King*:
I durst not go, but presently I wrote,
And seal'd it up, and sent the *King* this Note.

To the KING.

DRead Sir, if you will Rule this Land in peace,
Expell your Foes, and Friends will soon increase:
Your Ruine does, Sir, too too plain appear,
Rome leads the Van, Geneva brings the Rear.
If you'll be safe, you must expell them both,
The Roman Gnat, and the dissenting Moth:
And vigorously let them understand,
You are their King, and will like King command.
And if you e're expect to gain your Ends,
As well as open Foes, take heed of Friends;
I mean a flatter'ing Friend, whose only shew
Makes him a Friend, but really is not so.
Learn by your Father, not to trust to those
That in the end will prove confiding Foes.
Consider on't, you're in a woful straight,
Think but on *Forty one*, and *Forty eight*.
I only speak this for a Precedent,
For Heav'n I hope will all such things prevent.
You're now the Darling of all Loyal hearts,
And may be still, if you will take their parts:
But if you bear with *Faction*, or with *Rome*,
And do delay to give them both their doom,
All Loyal men must suffer by those two,
And be in spight of Fate undone with You.
You must be sure to ruine Both, or none;
If one remain, you're sure to be undone:
For if you ruine *Rome* on equal scores,
You shut the Window, but leave ope the Doors;
Unless you ruine the *Fanaticks* too,
For know one Nation can't hold Them and You.
Those men I fear against your Life combine,
That strive to cross you in your Good design;
And those men sure would yield to put you down,
That tell the People, You are not their own.

Pardon me, Sir, if I your quiet break,
For Poets dare at all *Adventures* speak.

F I N I S.